THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merrick, . . Treasurer and Business Manager
Clarence C. Archibald, ... Advertising Manager
J. Harry Cunningham, ... Auditor
Charles C. Thompson, . . . Mechanical Superintendent

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$4.20 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this paper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Beekman Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell, Managers.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906.

Popular Election of Senators.

The United States Senatorial Amendment Convention, as the result of a somewhat sparsely attended gathering at Des Moines, has entered upon the well-nigh impossible task of inducing the legislatures of a requisite number of the States to "make application to the Congress to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States." The particular amendment which the convention wishes to propose is one providing for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people, and the constitutional convention method of securing an amendment has been suggested because of the refusal of the Senate to submit the proposed amendment to the several States.

A constitutional convention would be a decided novelty, but it is safe to say some stronger incentive than the desire for popular election of Senators will be required to bring about the assemblage of such a convention. Such amendments to the Constitution as have been incorporated in that instrument have been adopted only under the pressure of a strong public sentiment, and the difficulty of amending it has become one of the commonplaces of our constitutional history. It will, we imagine, be found equally difficult to set in motion the machinery of a constitutional convention.

But the advocates of popular election of Senators should not feel that theirs is a wholly hopeless cause. With the profound instinct for political organization which characterizes the American people, several States have discovered and instituted methods of choosing a Senator by an expression of the popular will. More than one Senator now holds his place by virtue of a popular vote, either at the polls or in a party primary, while others have been chosen by party conventions, whose will has been imposed upon the legislature. In these States the Senators have been compelled to make their appeal for election directly to the people, and they owe their seats in the Senate to favorable popular judgment upon their acts and professions.

In other words, the trend of political development is toward making the State legislature, when it performs the function of electing a Senator, merely a register of the popular choice, as the electoral college merely registers the popular verdict in a Presidential election. It will not require a constitutional amendment or a constitutional convention to bring about this evolution in our political institutions.

Senator Bailey seems to have borrowed money and trouble at the same time.

Secretary Shaw's Valedictory.

Secretary Shaw has not committed himself in his annual report to any definite or specific plan for the reform of the currency. He is convinced of the need of an elastic currency, and he says he would not view with apprehension a credit currency limited as to volume. The Secretary, however, has an idea of his own, based on his observation of banking methods, which is worth more than a passing consideration. It is that the power of the Secretary of the Treasury should be further increased by authorizing him to require national banks to increase their reserves at certain periods, in order that they be able to supply the monetary needs of the country when the season of stringency arrives.

Mr. Shaw has full confidence in the motives and judgment of a Secretary of the Treasury. "No critic," he observes, "has ever charged the head of this department with cupidity or with operations having selfish ends in view." He doubts whether a central bank of issue would be managed more in the interest of the people than the Treasury Department at its worst. His predilections obviously are for government supervision of monetary conditions, with the functions of the Secretary so amplified as to give him practical control of the money market, and he seems to have no misgiving as to the possible abuse of the power asked for.

Secretary Shaw, during the past year, made the Treasury a more important factor in the money market than ever before, introducing important innovations for the relief of monetary stringency whenever he thought such relief needed. One of the most interesting of these innovations had for its purpose the restraint of speculation, a purpose which was measuraby achieved by withdrawing $60,000,000 from the channels of trade when, in the Secretary's opinion, it was not needed for legitimate uses, and restoring it when the money supply became less redundant. Another innovation was the encouragement of gold importations by depositing public funds against the security of actual engagements of gold. In addition to these measures for the relief of the market, Secretary Shaw sought to increase bank-note circulation by accepting security other than government bonds for public deposits, the bonds so released to be made the basis for additional circulation. These operations were all made possible by the manipulation of surplus public moneys; and the Secretary would have been unable to dominate the money market as he did if the revenues of the government had not been largely in excess of expenditures.

The banking and financial interests of the country believe that the recurring stringency of the money market would be automatically relieved by the issue, under proper safeguards, of a credit currency, as recommended by the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association, and indorsed by Comptroller of the Currency Ridgly in his annual report; but Secretary Shaw, it may be guessed, shrewdly surmises that control of the money supply by the Treasury Department would be more popular than control by bankers. Viewed in this light, his recommendation that the Secretary's power be increased, and his lack of recommendation of any definite currency plan, become intelligible.

Honestly, now, can any one except the proofreader say he read it thoroly and never skipt a word?

It Is Different in France.

They do some things differently in France. Count Boni de Castellane, scion of an ancient, aristocratic family, rises to address the Chamber of Deputies. His attire is set off by a red necktie and a lavender-colored waistcoat. The Moroccan question, one of the most important issues in the politics of Europe, is the subject of debate. The galleries of the Chamber are crowded with spectators. In the audience are many members of the diplomatic corps. The entire French cabinet, with Premier Clemenceau, occupy the ministerial benches. Interest in the debate is intense. A long speech has just been closed by M. Jaures, the Socialist leader. He had been listened to with breathless attention. Count Boni begins to speak. Before he can utter a half dozen sentences, half the Deputies arise and abruptly leave the Chamber. "It was a most remarkable scene," declares the dispatch.

In other great legislative bodies, particularly in the Senate of Rome, discredited members have entered after long recesses amidst the plaudits of their colleagues. They have been met in the cloak-rooms before assembling in the public chamber and warmly congratulated upon the restoration of good spirits and upon the evidences of restored health. Then, when the discredited members have taken their seats in the chamber, with crowded galleries gazing down upon them, their colleagues have filed past them, shaken their hands, and otherwise made public manifestation of the joy at their return. Such scenes as this in, say, the Senate of Rome used to be accounted as "most remarkable." But manners change with the times, especially in France. Half the Chamber of Deputies refused to listen to the discredited Count Boni make a speech. We are not familiar with the rules that govern the membership of the French Parliament. Presumably, if the Chamber of Deputies is the sole judge of the "returns, elections, and qualifications of its members," as is, say, the British House of Commons, Count Boni de Castellane will be denied his seat. That would be the proper way to deal with him, since his constituents cannot rid themselves of him until the next election comes around. But the civilization of France is older than the civilization of some other countries enjoying the inestimable blessings of free government. Perhaps when the civilizations of these other countries are as old as that of France, discredited members of their parliaments will be treated about as little Count Boni was in Paris the other day.

If there is any ungrabbed land left in Oregon, it ought to be securely nailed down at once.

Defending Our Coasts.

Few, indeed, are the subjects to which the attention of Congress is more imperatively demanded than that of the defense of our coasts. No one is desirous of making too much of the possibilities of war with any foreign power, but the discussion of such a possibility, however remote it may be in fact, has called attention once more to the utter inadequacy of our present system of coast defense.

The coast defenses of a country having a large seaboard are, in effect, the first and most important line of defense. Congress has recognized this as a fact, and has done what it deems is best in providing arms and ammunition, according to the latest and most approved models, for some twenty-four or twenty-five of our coast cities. Even in these the coast defenses have not been completed, but a great number of guns have been mounted, and the Coast Artillery is in charge of the work.

For the Coast Artillery, Congress has authorized 14,153 men. Those who know the needs of the country tell us that in order to give one shift of men to operate the guns of the coast defense to-day, it would require some 36,000 men. This is for one shift only, as if, when that one shift was exhausted, our enemy, whoever he might be, was going to pause in his attack and give our men time to rest. We have spent, liberally, money for the very latest style of guns, but no less an authority than Secretary Taft tells us that "as it is now, we are very short, and many of our guns are simply oiled or under tarpaulin, or are laid up, so to speak, and not used at all." If war should happen to-morrow, we should have to double or treble our present force of coast artillerymen. It is easy to talk of doubling our present force in time of need, but to do it is impossible.

Under modern requirements, the skill of the artilleryman has to be great in respect to electrical appliances and general mathematical knowledge—in short, the work to be done with modern guns is the work of experts, and cannot be done by untrained volunteers, however willing. As it is, we take men in and train them in the branches of mathematics and electric appliances, and we allow them extra pay, which brings their pay up to $16 or $17 a month; and so soon as their term of enlistment is over they quit, because they are then able to earn $75 to $100 per month from private electrical concerns.

Under the present conditions we have not men enough to serve one-half of the guns we have provided, and we have not provided any too many guns to defend our coasts. Gen. Story, Chief of Artillery, 1904, says:

"The personnel now authorized for Coast Artillery is not sufficient to man and serve one-half of the armament already mounted. This means if a war were to break out we have not one-half the trained force required to serve our guns effectively. However good our guns are, yet one-half of them would not be of much more use than so many tons of inert metal."

The report of Gen. Mills, Chief of Artillery, 1905, on the subject shows that for the present coast defenses now in place we require for a proper manning 1,754 officers and 41,833 enlisted men. As a matter of fact, we have 525 officers and 13,734 men.

Mr. Warren, chairman of the Military Committee, United States Senate, reports that with the present force we can man about one-third of the guns we have, and that this means that two-thirds of our guns, in case of war, would stand idle until recruits could be properly drilled and instructed in their complicated mechanisms.

The situation, instead of growing better, is growing worse. The shortage of men for the Coast Artillery puts so much additional work on the men who are now serving, and they get so little compensation for this work, that not only will they not re-enlist, but many of them desert. The officers, too, are becoming discouraged.

No one has been more forcibly for good gunnery than President Roosevelt, and he has taken especial pains to commend the fine marksmanship in the navy. But marksmen in the navy are paid, and paid well, for proficiency; marksmen in the Coast Artillery, equally, if not more important, are not. In the navy, a turret captain gets from $50 to $75 per month; in the Coast Artillery the gun commander, the corresponding rank, gets $24 a month. And so it goes down the entire list of gunners; the most poorly paid naval gun pointer receives the same additional compensation as the most highly paid Coast Artillery gunner.

These are the facts as evidenced by the special reports of the officers who have this branch of the service in charge. They are facts which cannot but appeal to the thinking men of the country. What we know about our weaknesses of coast defense, other nations know equally well, and it is time, high time, that these evils were corrected. The added expense is so trivial in comparison with the added security it affords us, the added insurance we get, that the American public could only commend the Congress that devotes its energies to correcting the evil.

If a few more charges are filed against United States Senators, Senator Burton will probably rejoice that he is in a position to prove an alibi this time.

The Mexican Way.

Mexico, of all nations wherein Spanish blood predominates, alone seems to understand the shortest and most satisfactory way to dispose of revolutionists. Central and South American countries hardly have breathing spells between revolutions. Cuba has been indulging in one continuous "revolution" for many years. Santo Domingo and Haiti are ever at it. But Mexico has reduced the revolutionist to a cipher. If he exists at all in that country, he is scarcely ever heard of, except in a way that shows Mexico's complete control of him.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the South American revolutionist is a business man at his trade. He "revolutes" as a professional matter. In Mexico, as soon as a man shows any symptoms of the revolutionary disease, he is unceremoniously bundled off to jail and allowed to think it over behind the bars. If he is at last released from durance vile, and then behaves himself, all may go well with him. But the government keeps an eye upon him, and, in case of a relapse, he is quietly taken out to some secluded spot and cheerfully shot. Then the report of his "mysterious disappearance" is given out.

Obviously, it is rather a depressing business to conduct, aid, or abet a revolution from behind steel bars. The inside of a dark jail is very unsympathetic atmosphere for a patriot who is "agin the government." There are no applauding multitudes to cheer and whoop things up. In fact, there is absolutely nothing inside of a jail calculated to keep the flame of revolutionary desire brightly burning. However, should the would-be reorganizer of governmental affairs fail wholly to divest himself of his aspirations while inside the jail, he has an even more dreary prospect ahead when he gets out. To die the death of a martyr to the cause of revolution may, in specific instances, appeal strongly to a sashed bucklered, and belted knight—provided the spectacular surroundings necessary for a correct and approved death in that manner be also provided. But to just "mysteriously disappear"—that is not alluring, attractive, or calculated to inspire.

On the whole, it looks as if the Mexican idea has stood the test of time. The great man at the head of the Mexican government is not alone great himself, but is surrounded with a splendid corps of advisers. Never has Mexico been allowed to lag or recede as other nations marched forward, so long as Diaz has been in command. The bane of other Latin-American governments—the revolutionist—has been reduced to naught in Mexico. There are few revolutions there—opera bouffe or otherwise. President Diaz has made good riddance of practically all such bad rubbish.

A contemporary remarks: "The President has been roundly censured and roundly praised for dismissing the colored troops." Everything but round-robined.

New York finally got rid of the notorious "John Doe," but even he wouldn't resign and had to be forced out.

The Charleston News and Courier calls Santa Claus' attention to the fact "that there is a hosiery mill in South Carolina that turns out 40,000 pairs of stockings each day." Is the News and Courier trying to scare the old man off from a trip to South Carolina this year?

The Indianapolis Star wants it distinctly understood that lame duck Landis is not the original Landis. The latter is still able to paddle blithely around in the Congressional pond.

An Illinois man was sent to the asylum the other day for persisting in the declaration that he intended to "clean up Chicago." The evidence of insanity seems conclusive.

Mr. Henry G. Davis states positively that he will under no circumstances consent to run for Vice President again. Now will Judge Parker further relieve the anxiety by stating his attitude toward the Presidency?

The Omaha Bee states: "The local water wagon has finally got into court." It is to be hoped the charge isn't disorderly conduct, with the usual trimmings.

A sneak thief stole an overcoat from a passenger car in St. Louis the other day, and the affair was written up as "a daring train robbery." It is mighty hard to get people to take notice of a mere sneak thief these days.

The Indianapolis News says the President's message was too long, and only takes about two columns or so to tell why.

The Mobile Register is inclined to think the ship-subsidy bill will pass, but the Louisville Courier-Journal believes that if it does it will pass in the night.

"To-morrow," said the Deseret (Utah) News the day before the President's message was read, "the whole country will know all about everything Mr. Roosevelt can think about." Probably he couldn't think about the tariff.

That new Alaskan Delegate may not cut much figure in legislation, but when it comes to drawing mileage he will be right alongside of the unspeakable gentleman from Hawaii.

Judge Grosscup calls the President's message "a crazy quilt," but privately he probably considers it more of a wet blanket.

Since seven physicans agreed on the witness stand in the Chester Gillettte case, the jury probably didn't have the nerve not to.

Why not send a few "pickaninnies" over to Japan to be educated in the public schools, and let the Japs see how they like it?

The Houston Post declares in a paragraph that a man with an automobile stands in need of a million dollars, but neglects to credit the paragraph.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A BUNKO GAME.

It is easy to write poetry when you've
naught to fret about.
From the jug you yank the stopper and
just let it gurgle out.
And the poet, as it gurgles, takes his
'baccy from the shelf,
And sits down to smoke in comfort, as it
fairly writes itself.

Blub—blub—gurgle! Blub—blub—gurgle!
Hear it gayly bubbling forth,
While the poet sits and figures that he's
done $2 worth.
Blub—blub—gurgle! Blub—blub—gurgle!
Out upon such ill-got pelf!
It's a shame to take the money, for it almost writes itself.

Limit of Scorn.

"Senator, I suppose you would spurn a large bribe with hauteur?"

"My boy, are you looking for a study in hauteur?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you should see me in the act of spurning a small bribe."

By the Ears.

"Vicious vanity," says the Baltimore American, "is the voice of the vacant varlet."

We have read of alliteration's artful aid, but this looks like literally lugging in language.

As to Shopping.

Starting in early
And getting it done
Is probably prudent,
But isn't much fun.

Where Was It?

"Conductor," exclaimed the handsomely gowned lady, "let me off, please. I haven't my fare."

"Why will women come down town without money?" sneered the sour passenger.

"Oh, she's got money wit' her, all right," said the wise conductor. "She ain't got it handy. Dat's all."

A Term Exemplified.

"In Philadelphia, the housewives are so neat that they scrub the public streets."

"Well, well! I've often heard of scouring the neighborhood."

Sarcasm.

"Poverty," quoth Jinks, "I see, they claim is joy sublime. It must be great to busted be around Christmas time."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

We read a lot of foolish men
Who brave the crowded stores
And get bewildered now and then
Upon the many floors;
We read about these men who rush
Where human angels tread
And somewhere 'twixt the silk and plush
Are crushed till they are dead.

Some vain, proud man, perchance, will go
A-shopping for his wife,
And struggle madly to and fro
And barely save his life.
Or he will try the livelong day
The ribbon place to find
And then be slowly led away
With remnants of his mind.

But there was once a man who went
Completely through a store
And many lagging moments spent
Upon each stocked-up floor,
And never were his ribs crushed in
Nor were his weary feet
Tramped on by women fat and thin
Who surged in from the street.

A wondrous tale this is, forsooth,
Yet take it as 'tis told,
For it is nothing but the truth—
The man was not so bold,
Nor was he big and broad and stout,
As might have been supposed—
A watchman, he strolled all about
When the big store was closed.

LITTLE HENRY'S MEMORANDA.

Pa says if he doesn't hear from his cousin Jim that disappeared the first of April by the end of this week he will know his cousin Jim is dead, because his cousin Jim never fails to renew the acquaintance before Christmas.

I have given 10 cents to help buy a present for my teecher, if there is any gratitood in the human brest she will stop asking me whare is the cappitle of Nevadda.

Ma says the trubble is as soon as she solves the servant problem by teeching a girl how to cook the fool thing has to get marrid.

Unkel Bill says the nicest Christmas gift to give old man Jones that is always talking about his rumatism would be a bran new set of simptoms.

Missus Harters daughter eloped last week and pa says she otto be glad to escape the weddin present and Christmas gift trubble both at once.

My sister says the girl that wants to organize a women's athletic club is just aggitating it because she thinks she looks cute in blumers.

TO YOURSELF BE KIND.

"I've a heart," the contortionist said,
"That naught but good feelings can fill.
Why, by sympathy always I'm led—
I sit up with myself when I am ill."

WILBUR NESBIT.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

Why He Learned Spanish.

From the New York Times.

President Roosevelt, in his impulsive way, sent for a well-known young writer and asked abruptly, "Do you know Spanish?" "No, Mr. President, I do not, I very much regret to say," was the reply. "I am sorry to hear it," commented the Chief Magistrate, and the subject was dropped. The young man went away deeply impressed with the idea that had he known Spanish he might have been appointed to a high office in the diplomatic corps, so he set to work assiduously, dropping everything else, and soon acquired a proficiency in that language. The other day he called at the White House and was cordially welcomed. In the course of conversation he said, "By the way, Mr. President, I know Spanish well; I both talk and read it with ease." Oh, you don't say so," was the President's reply; "then you ought to be one of the happiest men in the world; you can read 'Don Quixote' in the original."

Paid $1,000 for His Newspaper.

From the Boston Herald.

During the siege of Kimberley, in the Boer war, the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day, in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon appeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Mr. Rhodes, who inquired: "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes, mildly. "That paper came through by native runners, and cost me $1,000."

The Signal.

From Harper's Bazar.

Tommy—Does your ma hit your foot under the table when you've had enough?

Johnny—No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor.

Nothing in It.

From the Boston Transcript.

Alice—What do you think of this talk of taxing bachelors?

Maud—Don't believe in it. They're mean enough to deduct the amount they'd have to pay out of what they spend on us for candy and theater tickets.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

John Marshall Harlan.

Kentucky Democrats at the Capitol frankly confess that they feel very greatly relieved by the announcement that Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan has decided not to retire from the Supreme Court and become the Republican candidate for governor of their State next year. Justice Harlan is entitled to retirement under the law, and under the gratitude of his countrymen, whom he has served nearly thirty years with fidelity in one of the most important positions in their service. But he is wedded to the bench, and will continue to wear the robe of his high office for some time yet. He is vigorous physically and intellectually. He made two races for governor of his beloved Kentucky when he was young, and in circumstances that proved his courage and great ability. Descended from an old line of Whigs, Justice Harlan, unlike most other Southerners, did not join the Democratic party when the Whig organization went to pieces before the civil war. Nor did he at first espouse the Republican party. Its abolitionism and other radical doctrines at that time did not meet with his approval, and so he was the leader of a promising political movement in Kentucky which took as its name the Third Party. His first race for governor was made as that party's candidate. In 1875 he entered the Republican party in full fellowship, and was its gubernatorial candidate against the Hon. James B. McCreary, who is now one of Kentucky's Senators. The canvass he made was one of the most stirring and notable in the history of Blue-grass politics. A Southerner of the old school, he defied in every speech the radical element of Democrats to lay at his door the charge of "turn-coat" or sympathy with the "Yankees." This canvass gained for him recognition in the national counsels of the Republican party, and President Hayes appointed him to the Supreme Court after first offering him the Attorney Generalship.

Talking of Bonaparte.

A curious and not wholly accountable twist has been given within the past few days to Presidential politics as discussed by members of Congress. Representatives of both parties are closely scrutinizing the record and studying the character of the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. Some of them say that since the formal announcement by the President of Mr. Bonaparte's transfer from the Navy Department to the Attorney Generalship the people are anxious to learn what manner of man he is, to ascertain that if the things said about his proud, aristocratic character and of his contempt for coarse, greedy rich men are true. Apparently his appointment as Attorney General has met with a larger measure of popular favor than any other Cabinet shift made by Mr. Roosevelt. It seems that the people, who are much aroused over the trust question, are looking for a great and notable performance by Mr. Bonaparte in his prosecution of trusts, mainly because they have been led to believe that whatever his ability as a lawyer may be, he can be depended upon to go after every hoggish trust magnate in dead earnest and not be swerved a hair's breadth by any sort of form of political consideration. If he "makes good" by coming up to the expectations of the people in any one big case, there is a feeling among Congressmen that one or the other of the old parties will nominate him for President in 1908. Persons who know Mr. Bonaparte declare that he has no designs upon the Presidency, that the full measure of his ambition will have been attained if he shall be able to set a standard for succeeding Attorneys General in the matter of applying the full vigor of present statutes to criminal trusts, and that he laughs cynically at every suggestion of his availability as a Presidential candidate. Nevertheless, a good deal of talk about his availability is heard at the Capitol.

Why Towne Quits.

The Hon. Charles A. Towne is quitting Congress for two reasons. One is that which has driven so many American statesmen into private life, to wit, to pick up the tangled threads of their private affairs in order that they may have the proper weapon with which to defend themselves in old age against the ravenous wolf. The other is that under the present rules of the House he finds it virtually impossible for a member of the minority party to do anything of real value. "If the Democratic party had a great issue upon which its various elements could resolutely unite," said he, "and thus present to the country a harmonious, purposeful organization, a minority member could still perform some service of value to the country. But my party, unfortunately, seems unable to agree upon any fixed programme or policy. If it isn't one ism it is another that distracts our counsels, demoralizes our organization, and weakens discipline. I frankly confess that public life is more attractive to me than private life, but until my party adopts some matured programme and unites upon some farseeing and masterful leadership I no longer desire to participate in its public wrangles." Mr. Towne will begin the practice of law in New York at the expiration of this Congress.

How Did Comer Get In?

Gov.-elect Comer, of Alabama, tall, smooth-faced, and athletic of build, occupied a seat on the Democratic side of the House yesterday, and so many members were presented to him by the home folks that the resulting noise of his ovation disturbed the repose of Speaker Cannon. Uncle Joe looked long at the strange new face, and two or three times uplifted his gavel of authority to command order, but did not rap. The Speaker asked everybody around him who the stranger was. Nobody could tell him. Then the Speaker allowed, with a menacing grimace, that he would like to know who he was and what right he had to the privileges of the floor. Messengers were sent scurrying over to the chattering group of statesmen that surrounded the tall Alabamian to ascertain his identity and rights. When they reported to the Speaker that he was the governor-elect of Alabama he again raised his gavel, this time more threateningly. He took a tight clutch on its handle and it seemed that he was about to knock a piece off his desk with it. But he didn't even use it for a gentle tap. "Under the rules of the House a governor-elect is not entitled to the privileges of the floor," he said to Clerk Hines, "but those boys from Alabama don't know much about my rules, and besides they don't believe in 'em. I guess they brought their next governor in to show him off, and so we'll let it pass. But see that no other governor-elect gets in here while the House is in session."

What He Aimed At.

From the Boston Transcript.

Brown was jollying Smith when the latter picked up a hassock and flung it at his tormentor.

"Bah!" jeered Brown, "you couldn't hit a barn door."

"I wasn't aiming at a barn door," retorted Smith. "What I was aiming at was a darn bore."

Filled the Bill.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"What did you do with that crazy poem you wrote awhile ago?"

"I put 'Rah, Rah, Rah,' on the end of it and sold it to a university for a college yell."

BRYAN OR A SOUTHERNER?

South Unwilling to Try Experiments in Political Radicalism.

From the Savannah News.

The Washington Herald prints a picture of Mr. Bryan with a slate in his hand on which the names of Cleveland, Hill, Parker, and Hearst are marked out. Mr. Bryan has a pencil in his hand and beneath the picture is the following: "A good Southern man for President? Certainly. Name, please." The inference is, of course, that he is prepared to strike out any name that may be suggested.

There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan is planning to capture the nomination. He believes the time has come when, if nominated, he can be elected, and it looks now very much as if he would be the Democratic nominee.

There are signs, however, that there will be a strong sentiment in the Democratic party in favor of nominating a Southern man in 1908. The belief is growing that the South, which furnishes the most of the Democratic strength in the electoral college, should take charge of the party. For many years the opinion has prevailed that a Southern candidate would find but little support in the North, but there are good reasons for thinking that belief is erroneous. On the contrary, there is ground for saying that a Southern candidate would be popular in that section.

For quite a long time the pendulum has been swinging toward radicalism. It will begin to swing the other way in the near future, if indeed it hasn't already begun to do so. The South is conservative. It is recognized that she is. There is no noticeable tendency toward socialism in any Southern State. The Southern people want what is fair and right, but they don't want to make experiments until they see their way clearly.

MINERS IN BATHING SUITS.

Dig Coal from the Bed of the Des Moines River.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Mining coal in bathing suits from the bed of the Des Moines River is an occupation which has recently been followed by several laborers and teamsters.

Large quantities of the best grade of soft coal have been taken from the river and stored away to check the chill of winter, and many a poor man will be ready for Old Boreas when he makes his first appearance in the form of a blizzard. The mining has all been done just below the city, and the distance has been much shorter to haul it than from the regular mines in that vicinity.

It has been known for years that several of the veins of coal mined near Fort Dodge passed through the river at a point just below the city. Until recent years the river has been too high to permit of much of the coal being taken out. No one has ever gone on record as laying claim to the coal, and while it was quite generally known to exist, there has been no move toward removing or using it.

Recently several men who were idle located the veins and began work. They soon attracted attention, and others joined their ranks until many were helping themselves. The stage of water permitted of their getting it out without resorting to diving suits and air hose. The temperature of the water was agreeable to both miners and teams used in hauling it. The coal when excavated showed a good quality, and the men made hay while the sun shone.

Actor and Lawyer.

From the Caledonian.

Sir Henry Irving was at one time a witness in a case of street robbery. He had seen a sneak thief make off with a girl's pocketbook, and he consented to appear as a witness for the girl.

The thief's lawyer was of the type that roars and rants at witnesses and attempts to break them down. He tried this method on the distinguished actor.

"And at what hour, sir, did this happen?" asked the lawyer.

"I think——" began Sir Henry, when the lawyer interrupted with:

"It isn't what you think, sir; it's what you know that we want!"

"Don't you want to know what I think?" mildly asked the actor.

"I do not," the lawyer snapped out.

"Well, then," said Henry Irving, "I might as well leave the witness box. I can't talk without thinking. I am not a lawyer."

Book Smells.

From the New York Sun.

"A book with any other smell might be just as interesting, but you could never make that woman believe so," said the librarian, pointing to a reader who was literally nosing around among the book shelves. "Her criterion for judging a book is the smell of tobacco. Before I learned of that eccentricity, I frequently recommended certain volumes for her perusal. Before accepting my advice she sniffed at the books suspiciously.

"'I don't want this,' she said one day. 'It smells of perfume. That means that it is popular with women, consequently it is not a strong book. The best books are read by men and invariably are redolent of tobacco. None but a tobacco book for me.'"

Lords and Commons.

From the London Tribune.

So many strange and unfamiliar faces of hereditary legislators have been seen in the House of Lords since the debate on the education bill started that the officials have been quite bewildered. A well-known member of the House of Commons, who paid a visit to the House of Lords last week, went to one of the officials and asked for some papers. The attendant said, "Oh, my lord, if you will come back later I will be able to let you have the papers you require." The humble member of the lower house, rising to the occasion, placed his hand on the official's shoulder and said, "My good man, when you are addressing a duke, don't you know you should always say 'your grace'?"

Nobody Hurt.

From the Savannah News.

Senator Tillman's Chicago speech didn't set the river afire. He fussed a little, cussed a little, and then went on to the next one-night stand. The Senator had a good time, and got free out of the incident more advertising than he could have bought for six months' salary as a Senator.

Good Match.

From the Chicago News.

"Gentlemen," shouted the defeated candidate, "I may have lost this time, but I have a white conscience."

"Then you should be glad," piped a tough citizen in the first row.

"Glad of what?"

"That you have a liver to match your conscience."

Faint Praise.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Miss Koy—Of course he stays rather late, but then I'm sure he's in love with me.

Miss Chellus—Yes, but you won't have any reputation left if he doesn't stop talking about you so scandalously.

Miss Koy—The idea! What does he say about me?

Miss Chellus—He's telling everybody that you are "as good as you are pretty."

HEARD AT HOTELS.

A great number of the distinguished men from all parts of the country now visiting Washington have been the architects of their own fortunes, but not one, of them has hewn out an honorable career through greater dependence on his own abilities than Hon. George W. Cook, of Denver, the new Congressman-elect from Colorado at large, who is a guest of the Raleigh.

Born in the old town of Bedford, in Southern Indiana, of North Carolina parents, he enlisted as a drummer boy in the Union army at the age of twelve, and at fourteen was chief regimental clerk of his regiment.

Starting out in business as a railroad man in Chicago, he went to Leadville, in the boom days of that great camp, as division superintendent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Afterward he was twice elected mayor of Leadville, the only public office he ever held prior to his election to Congress last fall. When Corporal Tanner, now register of wills of the District of Columbia, was elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., Mr. Cook was made senior vice commander, and between the two the warmest ties of friendship have existed for many years.

In 1896 Mr. Cook was not a popular man in Colorado, for he was one of only half a dozen mining men in the whole State who supported McKinley. Since then a tremendous reaction has come in the Centennial State, as was shown in his enormous vote in November. He was elected by 36,000, leading the successful Republican candidate for governor by 8,000 votes, which was largely due to his personal popularity among the miners and business men.

"We will have a new United States Senator shortly," said Mr. Cook, in the person of Simon Guggenheim, who will be elected to succeed Senator Patterson by the unanimous vote of the Republicans in our legislature. Mr. Guggenheim is thoroughly identified with every interest of Colorado. He was graduated at the State School of Mines at Golden, and is an engineer of high ability. Although the possessor of great wealth, he is in sympathy with the plain people, and is liberal and charitable. A man of great business acumen, and of broad and progressive views, he will render the State excellent service at Washington."

Two prominent citizens of Memphis, Mr. Robert Grattan Brown and Mr. Edward B. Le Master, who are here as delegates to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, are guests of the Willard. The former is a lawyer of distinction, and Mr. Le Master is one of the leading real estate men of the Tennessee metropolis. He is a brother-in-law of Gov.-elect M. A. Patterson.

"I think," said Mr. B. R. Mullins, of Marion, S. C., at the Metropolitan, "that the dispensary system in our State is doomed to speedy death. The probability is that the present legislature will repeal it, and it would not be surprising if we went back to the old plan of high license.

"High license, in the opinion of many students of the liquor problem, is the best mode of handling it. At all events, it is a far better method than to have a sovereign State engaged in the whisky traffic. The business is not of the highest order, to speak mildly, and it is not to the credit of any people that it should be conducted under the auspices of their government."

Two prominent lawyers of the Indian Territory—Judge J. H. S. Shepherd, of South McAllester, and Kenneth S. Murchinson, of Tahlequah—are at the National.

"The present Congress," said Judge Shepherd, "will get one of the ablest reports on Indian Territory affairs, and one of the most accurate that ever went before that body. It will emanate from a Senatorial committee, consisting of Messrs. Clark of Wyoming, Long of Kansas, Teller of Colorado, Brandegee of Connecticut, and Clark of Montana. These gentlemen did not come our way on a junket, but to ascertain the actual conditions of the country. I never saw men give more diligent study to any question or work harder than they did during the fortnight they spent in the various towns of the several nations."

Mr. Joseph R. Sequichie, who is at the National, is one of the prominent young men of the Cherokee nation, and of evident refinement and intelligence.

"In the long run," said he to a Herald reporter, "the abolition of the old tribal system will work benefit to the members of my race. Statehood was bound to come sooner or later, and in my opinion it came none too soon. It will develop the resources of our country, bring us a great influx of people, cause our lands to be more valuable, and elevate the status of Indians. I think that our people will not be left out in the government of the new State of Oklahoma. It looks now as though the Democrats would be in control, and in that event the election of Robert Lee Owen, a man of Indian blood, and of great ability, to the United States Senate is highly probable."

A wonderful success was scored by Mr. Le Gage Pratt, of East Orange, N. J., when he carried the Eighth district of New Jersey recently, running as a Democratic candidate for Congress by nearly 6,000 votes, when two years ago it went Republican by 13,000. Speaking of his achievement in a modest way, at the Raleigh, Mr. Pratt, who is vice president of the Mutual Benefit Insurance Company of New Jersey and a gentleman of engaging manner, said:

"No desire for office had ever disturbed the peaceful tenor of my life, and when told that I must take the nomination, I thought my friends were in jest, and told them to 'forget it.' They insisted on it, however. I finally made the race, effecting a change of 18,000 votes for which I take no personal credit. The pleasantest thing about my election was the deluge of congratulatory letters and telegrams I got. Some came from my native home in Massachusetts, some from Savannah, Ga.; some from San Antonio, Tex., where I was lucky enough to get a good woman to be my wife, and a lot from California, which is almost as much home as New Jersey."

Former Lieut. Gov. Timothy Woodruff, of New York, held an informal levee in the New Willard last evening, being the central figure in every group of Gothamites who thronged its spacious lobby. Mr. Woodruff has a happy temperament and a pleasant faculty of personal agreeableness. He has expressive dark eyes, good features, and looks like a man who is on the most intimate terms with prosperity.

"Yes, I've about recovered from the exacting labors of our campaign," said he, in answer to a Herald reporter's queries. "It was a fierce battle while it raged, but the result was never in doubt. In the long run the American people will never do anything ultra radical, such as the election of Mr. Hearst would have been. We have political epidemics, such as the old greenback craze, the granger movement, the free silver crusade, that at times threaten to swamp the country, but they do no more real harm than measles or chicken-pox do when they attack all the juveniles in a community. The nation gets well, and so do the kids. This old republic of ours will always be administered in a sane way, for it was put here to stay."

Approved.

From the Boston Herald.

The rearrangement of the stars on the flag to accommodate the forty-sixth looks quite Ok.